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DREAM OF THE AGES



BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

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FROM

Kate Brownlee Sherwood,
of Canton, Ohio.

20 July, 1893.

MRS. L. A. TURNER,
FRENCH MILLINERY,
29 TEMPLE PLACE,

Boston, Mass., July 18 1873

Justice Winsor Esq
Dear Sir -

I have been requested
by the Mother Kate Browder
& Sherwood to forward to
the Harvard University
a copy of her "Dreams
of the Ages" please
acknowledge the same
to Mrs Kate Browder
Sherwood, Canton Ohio

Respectfully

Mrs L A Turner

Dream of the Ages



Yours very sincerely
Edith M. Munroe

Dream of the Ages

A Poem of Columbia

^{Mrs.}
By *Kate Brownlee Sherwood*

*Author of "Campfire and Memorial Day
and other Poems"*

Illustrated

With original drawings by

J. E. Kelly

and

George W. Breck

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Washington, D. C.

The National Tribune

1893

1893.5.12



The Author.
May 23 1893

Copyright
By Kate Brownlee Sherwood
1893

The De Vinne Press, New-York.

To

John James Piatt and Sarah M. B. Piatt

this volume is inscribed.



*Remembering long, bright days along the river Lee,
And scintillant oars that plashed across the bay;
And walled gardens hanging o'er the sea,
Like hooded pirates watching for their prey;
And noontide strolls adown the terraced wood,
And laughter flying through the solitude;
And roofless cloisters and rent castle steepes,
Where shyly o'er the sward the shamrock creeps;
And lamplit evenings in the Priory gray,
With childish faces peering through the dim;
And one coy spirit stealing soft away
From noisy jousts of speech high thoughts to hymn;
And morns we watched the out-bound ships strike foam
And sighed for sweet Columbia and for home.*

*What song? Of the mulberry vales of France,
Of the orange groves of Spain;
Of the ivied bowers where the Briton towers
With his grasp on the angry main?*

*What song? Of the Orient wan and old
At the gates of the royal sun;
Of the realms of snow where the sledges go,
Of the stride of the Frank and Hun?*

*No, sing us a song of the mighty West;
For our hearts beat high with pride,
As our steps keep time to the chant and chime
That herald her conquering stride.*

Dream of the Ages

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From original drawings by J. E. Kelly and George W. Breck.

By the New-York Photo Electrotype Co.

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DREAM OF THE AGES.

Two suitors wooed her as she sat alone,
In virgin solitude of tangled bowers,
Dreaming of lands and peoples all unknown,
Decked with spring flowers.

Before her swept broad rivers; at her right
The basking prairies and the boundless wood;
Upon her left proud plateaus, height on height,
Supremely stood.

Around her, like an arm, the glittering zone
Of inland ocean, set with emerald isles;
Where, heedless of the frost-king on his throne,
The pink peach smiles.

One came from out the West; lithe-limbed was he,
Proud in possession of a thousand years;
Imperious, passionate, scorning man's decree,
Fearless of fears.

Sprung from swift steed he strode along the sward,
Bent his fierce gaze with lurking lightnings keen;
Around him ranged in bold, barbaric guard
Men of majestic mien.

As when the summer sunset strikes his tent
Upon the western slope, and turns aside
In solemn splendor, with his proud face bent
In conscious pride,

The while his retinues have backward thrown
The curtains of his kingly canopy,
That flame and flare around, like banners blown
Across the sky,

Orange and saffron floating fold on fold,
Amber, and rose, and purple amethyst,
And billows of flush-pink and marigold,
And fawn sun-kissed,

So stood Columbia's Suitor of the West,
Dight in rich robes, engirt with glittering train,
Curve-lipped and tawny, bearing on his breast
The wampum chain.

With cheeks ablush Columbia radiant stood,
Her brown eyes beaming, and her brow uplift,
Peerless and proud in quick-born womanhood;
The trees gan sift

Their pinky petals on her shoulders free,
And breasts upheaving like twin billows borne
With westering winds athwart a summer sea,
And hand out-thrown

In queenly questioning: "What seek ye here?
A guest unbidden in a maiden's bower;
A blight, deep-hidden in the budding year,
Clad with fell power?"

Then one in shaggy guise crept from the throng,
Old, bowed, and blind, and hobbling on one limb,
To chant the canticles of curious song
Some god gave him.

Her rising wrath forgot, Columbia sate,
As one entranced with head on bended arm,
The nestling dove became the eagle's mate,
Heedless of harm

The fledgling bird forsook maternal wing,
The baby kine rose from their leafy byres,
And wondering fawn unlearned the questioning
Of wise-grown sires;

So wonder-wrought his tale, so pitiful
In hapless hopes, in plaints of strange portent,
Of storms that gather in the stifling lull
Ere skies are rent;

Shivering like smitten chords that 'neath the bow
Wail out in long lament the death of love,
Swathed in the cerements of sudden woe,
Hands crossed above.

“ Daughter of destiny,
Flower of prophecy,
Seen by the seer,
Out of the West are these
Heirs of the centuries,
Bid them draw near.

“ Many a moon has sped
Since, by a maiden led,
Prophet there came ;
Bade us to banish war,
Rise up and journey far,
Naming thy name,

“ Till in the East should rise,
Dwelling 'neath calmer skies,
Races of men,
Knowing nor bow nor spear,
Gaining from year to year
Kinglier ken.

“ Up sprang our warriors old,
Warriors young and bold,
Swift were their spears;
Low lay the prophet there,
Low lay the maiden fair,
Dead and no tears.

“ Since, in the dawning light,
In the dark gloom of night,
Prophet and maid
Sit in the Council place,
Lurk in the warrior’s chase,
Making afraid.

“ Lo, when the pipe goes round
Death in the bowl is found;
Lo, when the corn
Wraps in soft silken fold
Rich rows of ruddy gold
Swift is it shorn.

“ Not till our chief is wed,
Many a seer hath said,
To the pale face,
Shall we have peace again
From all the bitter pain
Borne by our race.

“ Daughter of destiny,
Lo, we have come to thee,
Out of the West!
Speak, and the spell shall cease,
Smile, and we go in peace,
Hear our behest!”



The prophet spake, and hobbling back again
A silence deep fell on the painted throng,
With firm lips set as words were all in vain
Suit to prolong.

Then, from the ranks outstepped the haughty chief,
Laid at Columbia's feet rich robes and rare ;
Bison and buffalo, arrows sheaf on sheaf,
Skins of white bear;

Rich-woven moccasins and skirts bedight
With beads and quills of gaily-colored hue ;
And ponies saddled with their trappings bright,
And pouches new

Of cunning herbs by keen enchanter found ;
And bows criscrossed like some charmed rattlesnake,
The which the bearer gives the sense profound
Keen quest to make.

Then wrapped in royal robes he laid him down,
His head upon his elbow half-upraised,
And though the fierce sun shone, the rain rained down,
He gazed and gazed,

Through waning moons and green things gaily growing,
To harvest heats and seedtime turned to seed ;
The vine that in the hedge was sweetly blowing
Dropped purple mead ;

The oak, unshorn like some barbaric Samson,
Supplied the storage of the peaked caché,
The bright sumac outflamed the crimson damson,
Yet still he lay,

Making nor plea, nor plaint, nor spoken sign ;
Only the midnight splendor of his eye
Was fixed upon her with a spell malign
'T were vain to fly.

Columbia sate, her anger turned to fear,
Her fear to gracious gaze, to flattered pride ;
So other maids, alas, from year to year
Have lived and died.

Upon the wahoo tree the redbird sang,
The song was burdened with one long refrain ;
The warning woods with answering echoes rang
The same sad strain.

“ Beware of the lover who rides in the West,
With a spear in his hand and a chain on his breast,
He has tears for your couch and a thorn for your rest,
Columbia, Columbia, Columbia.

“ The cave is his couch and the moon is his light,
He ’s a rover by day and a robber by night,
The horde of the raven was never yet white,
Columbia, Columbia, Columbia.

“ The heart that is errant is never at peace,
The fancies unhidden are prone to increase,

•

Where pride is a guest there contentment will cease,
Columbia, Columbia, Columbia.

“The flowers are nodding, their sweets are abroad,
The fawn is pursuing the paths you have trod,
Your tresses are falling, your feet are unshod,
Columbia, Columbia, Columbia.

“Beware of the lover who rides in the West,
With a spear in his hand and a chain on his breast,
He has tears for your couch and a thorn for your rest,
Columbia, Columbia, Columbia.”

The Indian summer spun her fleecy shroud
To wrap the old year dying ; winter came,
And on his snowshoes led a stalwart crowd,
Forewend of fame.

Men of stern mold, keen-eyed and bronzed of face,
In belted tunics, booted to the knee ;
From ample shoulders hung the spoils of chase ;
Horns like black ebony

Swung from their belts ; and each kept wary tread,
With head thrust forth and weapons trailing low,
As sighting in each copse the feathered head
Of savage foe.

The errant poplar tossed his tasseled cap
And sped, a flying herald, through the wood ;

The forest sentries from their wintry nap
Green burnished stood.

Then from her bower Columbia strode apace,
The light of prophecy was in her eyes,
She saw the vanguards of a conquering race
In splendor rise ;

Within the throbbings of her mighty soul,
The drum-beats of a nation yet to be
She heard in thundering diapason roll
Of destiny ;

Then swift elate she spread her vernal feast,
And clad in love's sweet affluence expectant stood ;
The plaint of that proud Suitor from the East
Filled all the wood.

“ Thy voice, O love ! has crossed the seas,
And whispered round my midnight bed ;
I waked to list its mysteries,
And wandered westward where it led.

“ Thy voice, O love ! has crossed the land,
And hailed me on a hostile shore ;
My feet have left the ocean strand,
With thee to tarry evermore.

“ Thy voice, O love ! has many chords,
And high ambition holds the key ;
Now valor chants the battle charge,
Now virtue makes sweet monody.

“ Thy voice, O love ! inflames the soul
To mad tumultuous feats of might ;
Or stills the currents as they roll,
To love’s calm cadence of delight.”

An arrow flint shot past him like a shaft
Of glinting lightning through the liquid blue,
And mocking voices all around him laughed
As on it flew.

As in the calm of a supernal day
The presages of sudden storm appear,
And from across the world the chargers neigh
That wheel anear

The skies' artillery ; the while outfly
Weird wilding shapes that swirling, skirling go ;
The sun is shrouded, and with heads thrust high
The cattle low ;

Then with discordant crash the thunder roars,
The maniac elements unslip their chains,
The driving torrent all its fury pours,
And chaos reigns ;

So through the noontide amplitude of peace
The din and discord of the battle raged,
And savage shouts to frenzy gave increase,
And strife engaged,

Face set to face, in conflict to the knife,
The hordes barbaric and the stranger band,
And free as water flowed the tides of life
'Neath ruthless hand.

“Peace!” ’T was the fair Columbia issuing forth :
“For at the dawn I saw the reed-birds fly,
Ranged like a harrow pointing to the North,
And heard the cry

“Of sudden terror ; sáw their leader fall,
And hastening hither bound his broken wing,
While hung an eagle hovering over all,
Proud conquering.



“ Thus wot I well the Suitor from the West
 Aback to western wilds shall take his trail ;
The fledgling wings that warm the eagle’s nest
 Shall soon prevail.”

The conflict ceased ; unbended was the bow,
 The glittering blade hung harmless in its sheath ;
The brooding buzzard gurgled hoarse and low
 Across the heath,

As slowly turned the Suitor from the West,
 His braves low lying, and his treasures spurned,
The flames of vengeance raging in his breast
 To ashes turned.

The prophet moaned ; he saw his race decay,
 The reed-birds fall aneath the eagle’s stroke ;
His death-chant rose, and floating far away
 Sad echoes woke.

“ Day by day we vanish
To the silent country,
Whence no voices waken
All our dreamless vigils;
Where the mighty spirit
Breathes upon his children,
Bids them sleep and banish
All their pain and sorrow.



Kelly
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“ Day by day our numbers
Fall as fall the snowflakes,
When the winter waneth
Waxing into summer ;
Like the ghosts of flowers
Floating in the moonlight,
Like the wraiths of ocean,
No man knoweth whither.

“ Day by day we vanish
All our simple people,
Bow and feathered arrow,
Birch canoe and calumet,
Like the smoke ascending
From our peaceful wigwams,
Gone to melt and mingle
In the clouds of even.”

So to the Suitor from the East was led
Columbia, palpitant with deep desires ;
The dawning star of progress blazed ahead ;
Her altar fires

Were bright with unguent oils, and incense sweet
Curled its blue smoke to heaven, as she stood
A conscious queen in majesty complete
Of womanhood.

For her the visions of the seers were wrought ;
She looked across the seas, across the land,
She saw vast thousands as by common thought
Before her stand ;

Daughters of music with their lutes and lyres,
Masters of sculpture, sons of cunning art ;
Workers in metal, bright from cleansing fires ;
Priests set apart



Unto the mighty mysteries of truth ;
Stout phalanxes of labor, armed with right,
Matron and maiden, sages matched with youth,
Marshaled in might.

Across the land a shivering blast was swept
And woke the sobbings of a thousand years,
And all their toils and travails wailed and wept
In pitiless tears.

Ages of agony in anguish sped,
Cycles unnumbered moaning bitterly by,
The sobs of Sarah, Rachel by her dead
In bitter cry.

The madding multitude of women spurned,
Scorned by the haughty, jeered by common tongue ;
Wretches for conscience' sake abjectly burned ;
Old men and young

Stripped of their substance, shorn of man's estate,
Stretched on the gibbet, writhing on the cross ;
The host of strangled innocents, the hate
Bred of first loss ;

Weak slaves to custom, slaves to brutal lust,
Slaves to the passions of ungodly men ;
Souls bound in fetters linked to souls unjust ;
Souls of high ken

Smothered in prison, hushed in mountain caves,
Saints walking naked through the furnace flames ;
Armies of ransom stricken with the glaves
Of shameless shame ;

The promise unfulfilled, the vow forsworn,
The heart laid prostrate and the spirit slain,
In mighty monotone forever borne
In sad refrain.

Across the land a clarion blast was swept,
Upleaped the crowning forces of the world,
And valor charged, and glory vigils kept,
And honor hurled

Her thunderbolts of wrath against armed might,
And pity poured her balm on bleeding hearts,
And virtue led her hosts in paths of right,
And noble arts

Engaged in high pursuit the sons of men,
And proud invention stretched her gracious hand
To strike the soundings of a godlier ken
With magic wand.

“ Courage, heart, be not afraid,
Free the choice that you have made
In the balance cast and weighed.

“ There was loss and here is gain,
There was sloth and here is pain,
Death and life at war again.

“ There might I but ride and row,
Speed the arrow, bend the bow,
Glide across the frosted snow.

“ Here is duty’s task to do,
Thorny courses to pursue,
Terrors passing in review.

“ There to lie on nature’s heart,
Drink the juices as they start,
Knowing neither aim nor art.

“ Here to toil in shade and sun,
Strive with evils as they run,
Learn to say, ‘ Thy will be done.’

“ There no mighty pangs to bear,
Gruesome grief, or weight of care,
Snares to shame or wrongs to share.

“ Here to know the anguish deep
Given to those who sow and reap,
Who the keys of conquest keep;

“ There to bide like bird and bee,
’Neath the spreading greenwood tree,
Lapped in nature’s mystery.

“ Here to gird the sword of steel,
Grapple with the common weal,
Chain the thunders as they peal ;

“ There within the valleys low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow,
With the pleasant pipers go.

“ Here upon the upland plain,
Beaten by the winds and rain ;
Triumph even in my pain.

“ Courage, heart, be not afraid,
Free the choice that you have made,
In the balance cast and weighed.”

She decked her ambient locks with flowers fair,
 Violets and bluebells trembling on their stems,
And trilliums pink and white, and orchids rare
 As diadems ;

And when she heard the rustle of quick feet
 She moved with downcast eyes to welcome him,
A dream of womanhood erect and sweet,
 Through arches dim.

Gracious art thou, O love! when days are ripe,
And steps trip lightly to the merry dance,
And singers sing and merry pipers pipe,
And jewels glance!

Gracious art thou, O love! when friends are near
To share thy favors and to chant thy praise,
To shower kisses; and the shout and cheer
Tumultuous raise!

Gracious art thou, O love! in sun or storm,
When two fond hearts their fealty confess,
And care takes flight in shrouded stealthy form
At thy caress!

But gracious thou, O love! of grace complete
When eye to eye in solitude they stand,
Man born of woman womanhood to greet
With love's demand.

“ Thee I wed !
With the mystic ring of truth,
With the heritage of youth,
Kindling hopes and dear desires,
Love’s outleaping chrismal fires,
Thee I wed !

“ Thee I wed !
Witness sun and moon and stars,
Venus pale and ruddy Mars,
Witness whispering winds that tell
Mysteries of heaven and hell,
Thee I wed !

“ Thee I wed !
Life and death are one with me
If they only rest in thee ;
Life without thee were as death,
Death with thee were life's sweet breath,
Thee I wed !

“ Thee I wed !
Heart of opulent delight,
Singing morn and swooning night,
Thee to have and thee to hold
Till the heavens are backward rolled,
Thee I wed ! ”



“ Wed I thee !
All that woman gives give I,
Give thee now and till I die,
Give thee of my virgin youth,
Give thee royal meed of truth,
Wed I thee !

“ Wed I thee !
With the beauty God has given,
Of the bountyhood of Heaven,
With the faith that suffers long,
Quenches anger with a song,
Wed I thee !

“ Wed I thee !
Going with thee up and down,
Without murmur, without frown,
Feeling it enough to know
Thou art with me where I go,
Wed I thee !”

“ Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Each of each the nobler part,
Wedded in the pride of youth
To the ministry of truth ;
Wedded in our deeds and words,
Wedded in our lands and herds,
Wedded to the needs of toil,
Consecrate to freedom's soil,
Here no tyrant's whip shall drive,
Here no click of chain or gyve,
Here no bleeding serf shall go,

Tracked across the virgin snow ;
But in every singing vale
Soon shall fly the flinging flail,
Happy shouts of laughter rise
To the arcs of Paradise.
Here shall rise a people great,
In the strength of right elate ;
Free as free the airs that blow,
Knowledge, truth and God to know ;
Mind and heart and spirit free,
Conquering hosts of destiny."

So wooed and wed, the fair Columbia grew
More beauteous as the onward seasons rolled;
Her hands were deft to spin, her shuttles flew
Through woofs of gold.

The fleet steeds trod her hills with flowing manes,
And nostrils wide, and necks of arching pride;
The sweet-breathed kine in all her waving plains
Fast multiplied.



Flushed with the breath of roses nearly born,
And apples blushing in the August sun,
And harvests redolent with golden corn,
The glad years run.

And stalwart sons and gracious daughters grew
As grow the willows by the water brook ;
And love came, too, his lessons to renew
In nature's book.



“Columbia! rise, Columbia! 'T is for thee!”
She heard the clang of battle and the cry,
And all her sons to glorious victory
Went marching by.

And all her daughters girt themselves with pride,
And stood a rearward for the mighty van,
Where valor on the fields of glory died,
Man's life for man.

They come, they come, to pipe and drum,
Columbia's sons are marching ;
The whirling mills no longer hum,
Columbia's sons are marching ;

They 've left the plane and left the plow,
Nor gold nor gear can claim them now,
Let craven cant before them bow,
Columbia's sons are marching.

They sing, they sing, as on they swing,
Columbia's sons are marching;
The jubilee of peace they bring,
Columbia's sons are marching;
The banners that above them wave
Shall cover many a nameless grave,
But never float above the slave.
Columbia's sons are marching.

They come, they come, to pipe and drum
Columbia's sons are marching ;
Awake, ye sleepers, shout, ye dumb,
Columbia's sons are marching ;
No North, no South, no East, no West,
The banner that our fathers blessed
We will defend with naked breast,
Columbia's sons are marching.

They sing, they sing, as on they swing,
Columbia's sons are marching;
The hosts of treason back they fling,
Columbia's sons are marching;
With heroes leading on the van,
And heroes every gun to man,
From Cumberland to Rapidan,
Columbia's sons are marching.

They sing, they sing, as on they swing,
Columbia's sons are marching ;
They 've scaled the heights and victory won,
Columbia's sons are marching ;
The white hot oaths of battle run
From sire to sire, from son to son ;
It floats, the flag of Washington,
Columbia's sons are marching.

Two giants were they, marshaled for the strife,
Twin-born and growing fast to man's estate,
Rejoicing in the pride of freer life,
In strength elate.

And they had marched together hand in hand,
Firm-knit the ties of friendship fond and true ;
And shoulder set to shoulder many an alien band
Their prowess knew.

And they were matched on many a training day,
And wrestled like young athletes for the prize,
While proud Columbia plucked the shining bay,
With love-lit eyes,

Binding it now on this fair godlike brow,
And now on that with many a fond caress,
Nor saw the wary enemy enow,
In sweet love's dress.

But on a day Columbia held high court
One came with cargo from the Orient main,
And anchored safely in the common port
Dark sloops of gain ;

Traffick in flesh and blood and thrice accurst,
Accurst of God, of angels, and of men ;
The serpent-trail in Freedom's garden first
There to prevail.

So fell it while the fair Columbia slept,
Her recreant sons, to Freedom consecrate,
Forgot the vows that erst they holy kept,
And shameless sate,

Sodden with sobs and sighs of stricken men,
Drinking the ichor warm from quivering hearts ;
Columbia veiled her face, and sadly then
The tears gan start.



As when men drunken sit long hours at meat,
The wine-cup tossing while the mirth runs high,
The while they song and story oft repeat
In heedless cry,

Then hark, the call of danger and the shriek
Of angry bells, and rush of engines near ;
And all the revelers rise, no longer weak,
With vision clear ;

So came the crash of battle through the land,
And woke the torpor of Columbia's sons,
And rage ran riot and confusion manned
Her thundering guns.

Then on the heights of hope Columbia stood,
Girt in imperial plenitude of pride,
Before her cowered the devastating brood
Of matricide.

Her eye was stern, her voice a clarion blown
Across the mad tumultuous waves of doubt,
And listening souls aroused from questioning moan
Gave answering shout.



So raged the battle through long lowering days,
And lurid nights of anguish and despair,
And from the cruel curses rose the plaint and praise
Of faith's sweet prayer.

The carnage deepened and the prison yawned,
A nether circle maledict of woe
Such as great Dante saw; masked morning dawned,
And to and fro

Went shrouded grief, and entered unaware
At cot and mansion, and sat down at meat

Within the vacant and abandoned chair,
Spite love's entreat.

"O love, my love, make answer to my prayer;
O love, sweet love, awaken to my call,"
The wife new-wedded in her dark despair
Flings back the pall

Where, in his bridal robes, the bridegroom lies,
Who but yestreen went forth in patriot pride,
Forgot the marriage vows in weary sighs
Fast multiplied.

“ O dear, my dear, my first and only born,
O dear, my dearest, hearken to my cry,”
The mother-wail goes through the empty morn
In agony.

But there upon the sodden turf he bides,
The long, last sleep to sleep, unmarked, unknown.
Until God's angel on the whirlwind rides
To claim his own.

Toll the bells !
Hark, the flying heralds say
Death is on a holiday,
All who touch his iron hand
Shall surrender where they stand ;
Youth and age together lie,
Bride and bridegroom pine and die.
Toll the bells ! the heralds say
Death is on a holiday,

Toll the bells !
In the mart and in the street
Ghastly are the crowds you meet ;
From the smoking camps afar
Comes the clanging charge of war.
Drape the altars, shroud the doors,
Calm the surging tide that pours,
Toll the bells ! the heralds say
Death is on a holiday.

Toll the bells !
Pluck the flowers as they grow,
Wreathe your wreaths of rose and snow.
Aye, but all the flowers that bloom
Cannot hide the yawning tomb ;
Cannot bring to pallid face
Manhood's unforgotten grace.
Toll the bells ! the heralds say
Death is on a holiday.



Toll the bells !
Flow, ye tears, forever flow,
Tread, ye mourners, sad and slow ;
For the flower of the land
Lies unnumbered like the sand,
Never save in dreams to come
To the hearts that break at home.
Toll the bells ! the heralds say
Death is on a holiday.

After long years of marshaling and retreat,
And hope alternating with deep despair,
After long years of conquest and defeat
And passionate prayer ;

After the sting of tribulations borne,
And pride laid prostrate and sweet faith undone,
After the wails of orphans from their mothers torn
Arose as one ;

Then o'er the darkness of our tribulation
Hung high the torches of glad victory,
Where blazed Columbia's royal proclamation :
" Forever free ! "

Aye, mother dear, Columbia, mother dear,
How throbs the heart to hear the welcome sound :
“ Forever free, forever free,” we hear
The heavens resound.

Forever free ! O, sons and daughters born
To high endeavors and supreme decree,
Wake, hail the splendors of the blazing morn,
Columbia 's free !

Hail, Columbia, dream of the ages, all radiant and royal and sweet,
With thy head to the heavens uplifted and the tinkle of silver-shod
feet,
And thy lips with proud prophecies regnant and mystical meanings
replete!

Who shall fathom with rod or with reason the depths of thine
infinite calm?
Who shall compass thy girth with a girdle, or flush 'neath thy
kisses of balm?
Who shall walk in thy pine-lands perennial, or dwell in thy gardens
of palm?

Lo, the scintillant spheres in their spinning have glinted thy garments of sheen !

Lo, the visions of seers and sages are pictured at last in thy mien !

Lo, the Occident calls to the Orient : “ Rise, haste to the feast of thy queen ! ”

There are garlands for those who would gather, there are treasures of silver and gold ;

There are ruddy red fruits that hang mellow, and fatlings and flocks in the fold ;

There are crowns for humanity's bridal, enwrought by the cycles untold !

Hail, Columbia, dream of the ages, nor scepter, nor sword, it is
thine,
Nor the splendor of staid superstition, nor the seals of the oil and
the wine ;
In the hearts of thy kith and thy kindred thy guerdons of fealty
shine !

In the swift surging swirl of the city, in the sunny siestas of ease,
A-whirl o'er the plains continental, a-sail o'er invincible seas,
Where the pennons of liberty ripple their ruddy red stripes to the
breeze,

There thy realm in beneficent beauty is bending in blessing above,
On the wings of a tender compassion like the brooding white
wings of a dove :
For lo, from the shadows of Nations has risen the Kingdom of
Love!



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